13 Clifford's Inn
EC

1913

My Violet,

We shall be delighted if you will come to tea on Wednesday. We've been away, or we should have been to see you. I haven't seen Nina for some time, but I hear she's much better, & they're coming back to London next week.

Yours ever,
Ford.

Have you got a beautiful old edition of Jane Austen which you would like to lend me?

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

13 Clifford Inn -

1913.

Dear Nicholl,

I'm so sorry - we can't come on Monday night. To combine seems to be hopeless.

We will come in one afternoon & try whether you're at home.

Yours V. W.

13,
Cliffords Inn,
Fleet Street,
E.C.

1913.

My Nidat,

I ought to have written before — We've
been down at Abraham, which was
very unfortunate to miss you & the
young man — I didnt know we
knew anyone who worked fabricators.
As far as one can tell in these complaints,
hers is much better — but one cant tell
very much, as down there she does
nothing — & how they' ever to get
absolutely right · in the midst of
family life I dont know — However,
its no good interfering in the
lives of others. I'm quite certain

that 2 months of sensible life would cure her for
ever. Which is what makes one lose one's
temper.

Will you & Ozzy dear write us at the
Cock on Wednesday 22nd if you coming here
first, not dressing. If Ozzy can't, will you?
But both would be better.

Yr V-W.

Jany 10th 1914

Asheham

Rodmell

Thursday.

My dear Nelly

I was just writing to thank for the shoes when the jersey turned up. You couldnt have sent anything more timely. There is a bitter wind directly one gets out beyond the trees. The boots are wonderful. It was good of you. They seem to send warmth all through.

I wish you'd ever send the name of a good boot on a card if you happen to hear some.

Yr V.W.

July 25th 1914

Asheham House,
Rodmell,
Lewes.

My Violet,

The gardening things are very tempting, & just come at the right moment. But you shower too many gifts, the next parcel will have to be burnt unopened. We're planting vegetables, but have to war with fowls, & now a fold of Lewes about to bring forth young. Leonard is in London, a Janet is here, who wishes me to send her love. She sits over the fire concocting lectures upon divorce, Woman Suffrage, moral Hygiene.

Yr V. W.

By the way, I wish you'd let me do typing of any kind for you —